



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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SWIMMING.

BY LEANDER.

The art of swimming is moving on or through the water. Swimming is not natural to man, as he has less lung space to float the dead weight of the limbs and head than most animals. Therefore, the different ways to apply muscular force and keep the body afloat must be acquired. The art of swimming is probably co-existent with the human race. Man being in the most primitive state the most imitative of animals, would acquire the motions and skill necessary to self-pro-



pulsion through the water by watching the animals, who nearly all swim naturally. In the pre-historic age we find the lake-dwellers in Switzerland chose the water as the safest place to erect their dwellings, and were no doubt proficient in swimming, as to-day the rude and uncivilized nations who live by the water become semi-amphibious in their habits, and are equally at home on sea or land.

As swimming is a healthy exercise and pleasant amusement, and as proficiency gives the expert the power to save his own life as well as the lives of others, the acquirement of the art should be encouraged by parents, teachers, and also by the authorities. In France it is considered a necessary part of the boy's education, and the regular soldier is trained to swim, not only that he may save himself and comrades, but be more useful in building bridges and all other work in the water incidental to military life.

Females can and do learn to swim as easily as males, and their physical education should not be called complete until they have been taught to swim, because the expert male swimmer is often drowned in the attempt to save the female when she does not know how to support herself in the water, and cripples



him by her frantic efforts to cling to him. Happily this has been considered of late years in New York, and the free swimming-baths for both sexes have not only educated a generation of experts among that class who are most exposed to the perils of the water, but have been the means of conserving the public health in a marked degree. Every day in the papers we see accounts of persons being saved from drowning. To-day the newsboy or bootblack of a dozen summers, saving a comrade who has fallen off the dock; to-morrow the uniformed policeman risks his own life to save the would-be-suicide or the helpless inebriate. Upon enquiry you will nearly always find he is a graduate of the New York docks or the free swimming baths.

There are several methods of swimming, the most common is forward on the belly, being illustrated by the accompanying cuts. The theory of swimming depends upon the simple principle that if a force is applied to



any body, it will move in the direction where there is the least resistance. This is seen in the motion of vessels and takes place in swimming, whether the animal be man, quadruped, bird, or fish. Directions to acquire the art have been elaborated until the persons who cannot swim is appalled by their number, and concludes it must be a very difficult thing to do, and therefore dreads the water and never tries to learn.

Caution! Do not undress and dash into the water after a long walk, or run, or when much heated. Do not enter the water when the stomach is entirely empty nor when you are fatigued by either hard mental or physical

labor. The most common cause of cramp in the legs and arms is due to ignorance of or neglect of these simple precautions. Do not go into the water sooner than two or three hours after a hearty meal, as it interferes with digestion and nullifies any good to be obtained by the exercise. For beginners especially: Do not stay in the water too long. Ten minutes or at most twenty will be enough for one not accustomed to the water.

Walk gently into the water breast-deep, wet the head and neck with the hands, lie down gently on the belly, holding head and neck well up, keeping the eyes fixed upward. Strike out with both feet from the bottom,



at the same time shoving the hands forward, palm-to-palm, to the full length of the arms, sweep the arms around not quite a quarter circle (as seen in illustration) turning the palm of the hand gradually outward to get the largest pulling power against the water, the arms are drawn back quickly, elbows close to the ribs, hands together as before, feet drawn up as close to the body as possible, and the motions repeated as before. The stroke of the feet should be in time with the pulling sweep of the hands, to get the most speed with the least waste of strength. The stroke of the feet should be also a little downward, thereby lifting the breast upward and making the breathing easier. Don't try to do too much at one lesson! If you can swim three strokes without going under, it is a fair start.

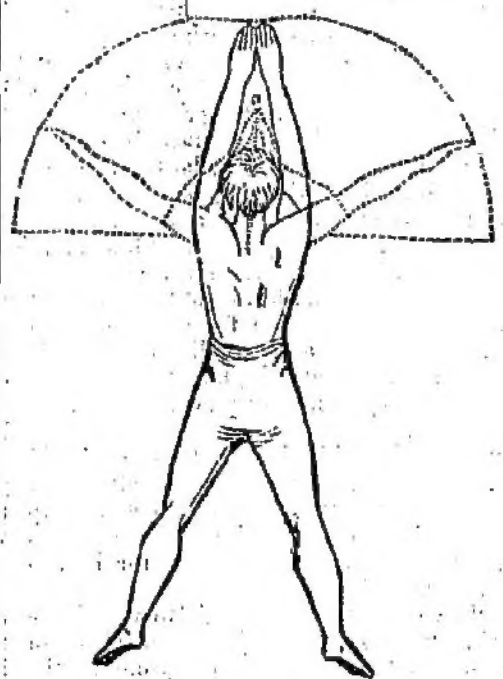
A great many become discouraged and say, "Oh, I can't learn to strike out right, I can't keep time with my legs and arms." The best example of a natural swimmer is the frog. Catch one and put him in a tub of water or an aquarium-tank, and he will teach you more about the way to do it easily than all the professors of swimming. There are many appliances, such as life-belts, cork-jackets, inflated bladders, &c., recommended as aids in learning to swim. They should not be used, as the person learning even the

motions perfectly by their use is nearly always timid without them. A better way is this: The teacher stands on a boat or dock holding a pole from which a line goes to a



padded belt buckled not too tightly around the waist of the pupil. He can then give the pupil what little support is necessary to allay his fear of sinking, and instruct him as to the movements of the limbs. This plan is used with success by many professors. Diving, floating, swimming on the back, on the side, &c., are all easily learned after the pupil has acquired the method described above.

A recent English writer well says, Man is the only animal that drowns unnecessarily. He does so because the knowledge he ought to possess does not come to his rescue, as does the instinct of the brute. A dog or a horse, or any other quadruped, when it finds itself out of its depth, swims away with its head above water, and usually gets safe to land. Man, not finding himself in his natural position, is filled with terror, stretches his hands out of the water, which helps him to sink, or opens his mouth to scream, which fills his lungs with water instead of air. The result is obvious. If we could only have faith in the natural buoyancy of the body, and when cast unexpectedly upon the water, remain passively upon it, with the mouth tightly closed, many lives might be saved that are now annually lost.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.





Temperance Department.

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS;"

OR, THE DRUNKEN UNCLE RECLAIMED.

By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

"I'm for temperance," said a brown-eyed little fellow; and he shut his lips firmly, and he looked the picture of resolution.

"Indeed! then it is all over with King Alcohol," said his elder brother, laughing.

"Oh, you may laugh! it doesn't hurt anything," said John, not in the least cast down by his brother's poor opinion of his influence. "If I'm not as old nor as big as you are, I count one on the right side; and 'every little helps,' as mother says. So I'm for temperance, and I don't care who knows it."

"Don't you, indeed! Suppose all the world knew it—what then?"

"Why, the world would know that when I grew up there'd be one man living who didn't spend his money nor idle away his time in the taverns, who didn't make his wife sit up half the night for him crying her eyes out, and who didn't neglect or abuse his children. That's what the world would know, and I am sure that would help the good cause a little." "Don't talk so loud, John." His brother spoke in a low voice. "Uncle Phil might hear you. He's in the next room."

"Is he? Well, I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance—I only wish he was. Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in."

"Hush, John! he'll be angry if he hears you."

"Getting angry wouldn't make it any better, Ned," firmly answered John. "I'm a temperance boy, and if Uncle Phil gets angry because I just say that I wish he was a temperance man—why, he'll have to get angry, that's all! I love Aunt Susie; she's as good as she can be, and Uncle Phil makes her cry with his drinking and getting tipsy. It's a great deal worse for him to do it than for me to say it, and he'd a great deal better get angry with himself than with me."

It happened as Ned feared. Uncle Phil, who was in the next room, heard every word of this conversation. Was he very angry at the little apostle of temperance? We shall see. At mention of his name he pricked up his ears to listen. As John said, "I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance—I only wish he was," two red spots burned on his cheeks, and he looked annoyed; but when John added, "Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in," the spots went off his cheeks, and he grew quite pale. What John said after this didn't bring the blood back to his face, but made it, if anything, paler. He got up in a cowed sort of a way, and left the room so quietly that the two boys did not hear him go out.

Now Uncle Phil, about whom John had spoken so plainly, deserved all that was said of him, and a great deal more. Intemperance had almost destroyed his manhood. He was the slave of strong drink. Appetite indulged for years had gained a fearful power over him, and to gratify its craving thirst he spent nearly every shilling that he earned, and, with his family, lived meanly dependent upon his good-natured brother. Once he had been in a thriving business of his own; now he was a clerk in a warehouse of a friend, Mr. Osborne, who kept him more out of pity than for the service he gave. Sometimes he would be absent from his post for days, and oftentimes for hours in each day. This friend, after scolding him, pleading with him, threatening him, but all to no purpose, had just made up his mind to turn him adrift.

"I can't have him here any longer," said Mr. Osborne, in talking over the matter with his head-clerk. "I've tried my best to help him, but it's no use. As he drinks up everything he earns, it will be better for him to earn nothing."

"I've long thought that," answered the clerk. "The fact is, you've borne with him to a degree that surprises everyone in the warehouse."

"I will do it no longer," was the resolute reply.

"There he comes now," said the head-clerk.

Mr. Osborne turned with a hard look in his face, intending to stop Uncle Phil before he reached his desk, and inform him that his duties were at an end. Something, however, in Uncle Phil's manner kept him from speaking what was in his mind. The poor man came in with a quicker step and an air of earnestness not seen about him for a long time.

"I'll not be late again, Mr. Osborne," he said, in a decided way. "It's all been wrong, but it shan't happen again."

"I hope not," said Mr. Osborne, in a tone that made Uncle Phil give a start.

"You've a right to be displeased with me," said the wretched man. "I only wonder you've borne with me so long. But have patience with me a little while longer. I've made up my mind to lead a new life, God helping me."

Uncle Phil's voice trembled, and pity returned to Mr. Osborne's heart.

"God alone can help you," answered his kind friend. "Unless you get strength from him, your case is hopeless."

"I'm resolved never to drink one drop of intoxicating liquor again, so long as I live," said Uncle Phil solemnly.

"All good resolutions are from Heaven, my friend," answered Mr. Osborne, "and from Heaven comes the power to keep them. Trust not in your own poor strength—it has failed you a thousand times—but look upward; and while you pray for help, keep yourself out of the old ways where your feet have stumbled. This is your part of the work, and it must not fail for an instant. If you go where liquor is sold, you go outside the circle of safety; if you touch it or taste it, you fall. God cannot help you unless you try to help yourself, and the only way in which you can help yourself is to keep far off from danger. While you do this, no unconquerable desire for liquor will be felt, but if you taste it, you are lost."

Uncle Phil stood listening with bent head while Mr. Osborne was speaking.

"I will never taste it again," he answered— "never so long as I live."

A thing happened that evening which had not happened for months—Uncle Phil made one of the family circle; at tea-time. He came in with a sober face and quiet air, giving all a pleasing surprise. John, who had spoken so freely in the morning, and who had been thinking about him all day, for he was pretty sure Uncle Phil had heard his plain talk—could not keep his eyes from his face. Uncle Phil soon became aware that John was observing him with keen interest.

All at once breaking the embarrassed silence of the tea table, he asked, looking at the boy—

"What are you for, John?"

For a moment John hesitated, while his cheeks grew red. Then he answered firmly, "I'm for temperance."

There was an uneasy stir around the table, and an enquiring look from face to face.

"So am I, too, John; and that makes two on the right side, and we don't care who knows it!" spoke out Uncle Phil, in clear, ringing voice.

Oh, what a tearful, happy time came then! Aunt Susie cried for joy, and John's mother cried and hugged her little son when Uncle Phil repeated the brave, strong words that went like arrows to his heart.

Uncle Phil never drank again. Before many years had passed by, he and Aunt Susie were in a house of their own, independent and happy.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE BEST HARVEST-DRINKS.

When I left my father's farm and began to farm one by myself, I said, "If I cannot farm without intoxicants I will not do so with them." I had seen so much trouble and mischief occur among men at home and on neighboring farms that that was my decision. It is now thirteen years since, and I have never had any reason to regret that determination, but frequent cause for congratulation. At our parish harvest-supper this year, I had the pleasure of saying that which I have frequently said of previous harvest-times, that "though I have been with the men almost constantly during the harvest-work, I have never heard one word that would offend the ears of any lady who has honored us with her presence this evening; and though the weather has been more

trying than I remember it having been before, the men have worked with an industry and willingness to please that was highly commendable. I don't think this is a small thing to be said in reference to the harvest on three hundred acres, and I have great pleasure in saying it. I attribute much of their satisfactory behavior to our disuse of stimulants in the harvest-field. I find as much coffee, tea, or cocoa as the men please to use. Cocoa is liked best, and is most nutritious, besides being least costly."

In contrast to this, during the harvest I had a letter from a friend who has a farm in Staffordshire. He gives his men stimulants, as is the general practice among farmers in many districts, and he wrote:—"How do you get on with your men? Mine nearly drive me mad. Last Tuesday (a splendid harvest-day), after the men had had one quart of ale each, and as much beer as they liked, they asked for more ale. I declined to allow more before dinner, and they refused to do any more work, and I have had to summon the two ringleaders before the magistrates, who fined them thirteen shillings each." If farmers would more generally encourage abstinence among their men, themselves setting the example, I have no doubt we should hear less of the faults of that which I find to be a most industrious, frugal and sober class of the community.—*Band of Hope Review.*

DON'T SMOKE.

Why not? From the fact that at Yale College an investigation has just been made into the influence of tobacco on the scholarship and standing of the students who use it. The results are as follows: Each class is graded into divisions according to scholarship, the best scholars being in the first grade, and so on down to the fourth, where they are, in the slang of the campus, "not too good" scholars, but "just good enough" to keep hanging by the eyelids. In the junior class it was found that only ten out of forty in the first division were addicted to smoking; eighteen out of thirty-seven in the second; twenty out of twenty-seven in the third; and twenty-two out of twenty-six in the fourth. The proportion of smokers, it will be observed, increases in regular ratio with the falling off in scholarship. These figures are exceedingly suggestive; but no one who has paid attention to the scientific evidence of recent years, which establishes the deleterious influence of the weed, will be surprised at it. The aggregate loss of mental power and of its precious fruits in a nation like ours, which consumes annually two hundred and fifty millions of dollars' worth of tobacco, must be enormous. Of course we shall hear the usual twaddle about the Germans, the finest scholars and the greatest smokers in the world, just as we have heard the strengthening properties of beer demonstrated by the incessant use of it by the same people; but careful observation and scientific study of the question have proved to the satisfaction of all who have properly weighed the evidence that the German people are great not because of but in spite of their tobacco and beer, and that immeasurable progress awaits them and every other nation which can be persuaded to give up these vices.—*American Journal of Education.*

ADVANTAGES OF ABSTINENCE.

Why should you not abstain? You would save your money by it. If you save twopence a day for twenty years, you would have £70, and that is like taking it out of the gutter. It is pulling it away from the publican, and you would find £70 to be a very good thing when you are thirty-four years old. Saving money helps to getting more. I heard a gentleman say, who employs many working men in Manchester—"If I can get a man to put £10 into the savings-bank, that man's fortune is made." So if you can get £70 without doing anything that would injure you, but make you better, do so! If I thought you would be pale and weak, and not able to do your work by abstaining, I would not advise it; for health is a working man's fortune. But I believe you would be stronger, and would have more color in your cheeks. I know a young relation of mine who has made this one of his chosen rules: "Cold water warms; and hot water cools." That is true of alcohol, for it always makes a man colder afterward. So, if a healthy man drinks cold water, he will be the warmer for it. So, if you take hot things like alcohol, you will be more likely

to catch colds, fevers, and cholera, and everything else. So you will get health by abstaining. Keep out of great temptation. I once told you, working men in this town have great temptations to drink which others escape from. You are not half men if you drink because others do. Let those laugh who win. Get brighter and better hopes, and then you will not mind being laughed at. If you win everything that is good by abstinence, you will not mind being jeered at.—*Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.*

A LITTLE WON'T HURT.

Sometimes the devil comes to a boy or a young man and says, "Come, let's go and drink a glass of beer. It won't do you any harm but will make you feel good." Boys, if you ever hear these words, or any like them, don't answer, "Yes," for it's a "false prophet" speaking to you.

"Oh mamma," said a bright nine year old boy, "did you hear the fire-bells ring early this morning?" "Yes, my dear; where was the fire?" she answered. "Why, mamma," said the boy, "the City Hall was burnt down, and a young man who had been put in the lock-up for disorderly conduct was burnt to death. He was a real nice, kind man. He thought last night that he would drink a little liquor, only enough to make him feel good, but it made him real drunk and he got into a scuffle with some rowdies and was arrested. The officers think that in lighting his cigar toward morning a spark fell on something in his cell that kindled very quickly, and so the building was burned and the poor man with it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not help him, for it was too late. People are so sorry that he was burnt, for he was a very kind-hearted man, and he was only a little tipsy."

Don't you see, boys, that when the tempter said to him, "a little liquor won't hurt you," it was a "false prophet" speaking to him. Instead of having "a good time," as he expected, he suffered greatly and died a drunkard's death. Drinking a little liquor doesn't always end so sadly as that, but it is very apt to be followed by a miserable and unhappy life.—*Robert T. Bonsall in Christian Union.*

THE CADETS at West Point have been forbidden the use of tobacco. This is right. That poison, like alcohol, is peculiarly injurious to the constitutions and brains of the young, and all use of tobacco anywhere under the age of 21 should be prohibited. Especially should this prohibition be enforced in case of all who attend schools, colleges or academies, sustained in whole or part at public expense. To grow up in the filthy habit of spitting, or of blowing smoke in the faces of all near them, ladies included, is altogether unbecoming in any one pretending to good manners, not to speak of the useless expense and personal injury inflicted by the evil habit.—*N. Y. Witness.*

TALK OF A "FREE COUNTRY!" One cannot walk the length of a block on the streets of Toronto, at certain hours of the day, without being forced, much against the will, to inhale tobacco smoke from some dirty mouth. One can avoid a staggering, intoxicated man, keep out of his reach; but one cannot keep out of the reach of the vile fumes of the tobacco smoker one meets on the sidewalk. Smoking is prohibited in street cars, railway cars, and many other places; why should it not be so on the sidewalks, which are not infrequently so crowded that smoking becomes quite as disagreeable as in a street car? We believe there is a law in Boston prohibiting smoking on the sidewalks.—*Canadian Health Journal.*

A SURE METHOD OF DRAINING.—The Sanitarian, an ably-conducted monthly periodical devoted to the public health, which takes frequent occasion to give wholesome temperance counsel, suggests a sure method of draining glands. It says: "Drink whiskey, and spend all your time at a village saloon. This will surely drain you of all your lands in a very short while." There is an economic lesson in this hint to which many thriftless land-owners would do well to give heed.

THE REV. DR. MARK HOPKINS tells us of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them, as he went, a pledge not to use intoxicating drinks, profane language, or tobacco, before he was twenty-one years of age. They are now from sixty-five to seventy-five years old: only one of them has had a sick day, all are honored men, and not one of them is worth less than a million of dollars.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MISCHIEF OF BAD AIR:—OR
WHAT "BAD AIR" REALLY IS.

Mrs. A. I was glad to see you at our (Sanitary) lecture yesterday evening, Mrs. Brown; I hope you were pleased with what you heard.

Mrs. B. Well, of course, Ma'am, a great deal of it was very true. It's certain we don't all keep our places as nice as we might; and I always say it looks much better to see a place look tidy, and the children's hands and faces clean; but I can't say I go along with all that the gentleman said, neither.

Mrs. A. How so, Mrs. Brown? What was it he said, that you do not agree with?

Mrs. B. Why, Ma'am, I do think he made too much fuss about what he called "bad air." I don't understand all their long words about what the air is made of; but of course they that are clever enough to find out what it is made of, may find out that there is sometimes less of one thing in it, and more of another, and that this may be what makes it smell bad; and to be sure I know bad smells are not pleasant. But then, when he talked of the bad air being poison to us, and causing most of the fevers and sickness, why you know, Ma'am, that's more than I can believe; there seems no sense in it.

Mrs. A. I daresay it does seem very strange to you, Mrs. Brown; but if you understood a little more how the bad air poisons people, I think you would agree with me that the lecturer could hardly say too much about the mischief it causes.

Mrs. B. Well, to be sure, Ma'am, if it really did poison people, nobody would like to be poisoned if they could help it.

Mrs. A. I think, perhaps, I can partly explain to you in what way the bad air really does poison us. In the first place, I daresay you hardly understand what the bad or impure air the lecturer spoke of actually is. Bad air is nothing in the world but dirty air—foul air as it is often called.

Mrs. B. Dirty air! what a funny idea! How can the air get dirty?

Mrs. A. Exactly as everything else does, by being used. The air which you use, by breathing it in, comes out again dirty, as surely as that piece of wet flannel did, out of the inside of the cupboard you were just now cleaning with it.

Mrs. B. Dear now! how strange! Do we breathe the air, then, to clean ourselves inside, as I was cleaning the cupboard?

Mrs. A. That is one of the great uses of breathing. The air, if pure and good when we breathe it in, supplies our lungs, and by means of them our whole bodies, with a sort of food which is most necessary to our health and life, though we cannot see it; and when we breathe it out again, should carry away with it matters which our bodies have no further use for, and which, if they remain in our blood, clog and literally soil it and the delicate organs and vessels within us, just as what you call dirt does your cupboard, or your brooms, or the skin outside your body. The blood in our lungs, before it is purified by the air we breathe into them, is literally dirty, black blood; but afterward, if we are breathing good fresh clean air, it becomes bright, red, clean blood again, fit to refresh and feed our whole bodies.

Mrs. B. Does it indeed, Ma'am? That sounds very wonderful.

Mrs. A. It is very wonderful. The Bible says quite truly that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." You can understand now that air that has been breathed into our lungs comes out again dirty, as I tell you; and in the same way whenever the air comes to us over dunghills, or open drains, or rotten vegetables, or foul water, or such like, it carries with it putrid matters and particles from these, and becomes unwholesome, foul air. These unwholesome particles are so small indeed, that we cannot see them; but God has given us another sense by which we can find them out. We can smell them immediately.

Mrs. B. Then do you mean, Ma'am, that whenever we smell a bad smell in the air, there is some sort of dirt in it?

Mrs. A. Exactly so; and when we breathe this bad-smelling air into our lungs, instead of cleansing, we are positively dirtying ourselves inside, as you would do your basin or saucupan if you were to wipe them out with that dirty flannel just after cleaning the cupboard with it.

Mrs. B. And then that poisons us?

Mrs. A. It poisons our blood. You must not suppose that poison always kills people directly. Everything is really a poison which helps to cause death, whether slowly by diseases, or quickly by convulsions as some violent poisons do. And the way in which this foul air poisons us I can a little explain by comparing our lungs, with which we breathe, to a fine sieve through which the waste and all unwholesome matters from the blood are to be sifted out, and at the same time pure clean air-food is to be sifted in. Now, if we breathe air already loaded with such unwholesome matters, it helps to choke up the tiny holes in the sieve, so that not only the waste from the blood gets very imperfectly sifted out, but more waste or dirt-particles are being continually sifted or breathed in; so that the blood gets more and more dirty and unhealthy, till disease, and too often death, must follow.

Mrs. B. Well, I do remember my mother used to say that sickness and fevers came of bad blood, but I never knew how that could be. So you say it's really the dirt in the air, Ma'am, which makes bad blood, and does all the mischief?

Mrs. A. I do not say that bad air is the only thing that poisons the blood. There are other causes of illness; and some people are born less strong and healthy than others; but even when illness comes from other things, breathing foul air will always make it much worse; and the strongest, healthiest man that ever lived cannot keep his health unless he has pure, clean air to breathe.

Mrs. B. And the lecturer said, children especially pine and die for want of it.

Mrs. A. Because children are weaker and more delicate, and it takes less poison to kill or injure a child than a grown person. Besides, children need to grow as well as to live, and therefore need plenty of the best food, both in victuals and air.

Mrs. B. Well, Ma'am, I always have tried to keep my children well washed and as clean as I can outside; but now that you have told me about the air, I shall remember that that is only half the business, and that I must do all I can to keep them clean inside too.

Mrs. A. I was sure you would, Mrs. Brown, once you understood the importance of it; and I have no doubt that, by good management—opening your door and window—the top of the window, especially, remember—at proper times, never keeping anything in your room that can make it unpleasant, and keeping your children and the room itself clean, you will be able to contrive that the air in it shall be fresh and nice, particularly at night. Only be sure to remember that, whenever you smell it close or disagreeable, the air is really dirty, and pouring dirt into your children's lungs at every breath they draw.

Mrs. B. No fear I shall forget that now, Ma'am, and many thanks to you for making it out plain to me. I always was a clean body, and have no notion of leaving dirt about anywhere, much less in our insides, now I know what puts it there.—*Ladies' Sanitary Association Tract.*

ASTONISHED.

How a horse was taught to bite its food and nothing else, is told by the *Detroit Free Press*. "One of the commission houses on Woodbridge Street has a horse which was the terror of every pedestrian who got within three feet of his head. The animal has teeth like a shark, and up to a few days ago he would bite everything within reach except a pile of grindstones.

"Whipping had no effect, and he would get rid of muzzles as fast as they were put on.

"The firm had paid out considerable money to compensate the victims of his bites and was wondering what they could sell him for, when along came a man who guaranteed a cure for five dollars.

"He was told to go to work, and his first move was to get an old suit of clothes and stuff it with straw. The horse was driven down the street, and the suit was tied to a hitching-post, back to the street.

"A full pound of Cayenne pepper was then rubbed into and sprinkled over the garments and the straw stuffing, and the joke was ready.

"The horse came jogging back, and the driver left him standing six feet from the man of straw. The old biter's eyes had a twinkle as he saw a fine chance to use his teeth, and as soon as left alone he began edging toward the post.

"When ready for business he made a sud-

den lunge and caught the 'man' by the shoulder. That old horse meant wickedness, but he had a surprise in store for him.

"As he lifted the figure off its feet and gave it a shake it fell apart, and his mouth, nose and eyes were filled with the smarting powder.

"Great tears rolled down his long nose; he sneezed and snorted and coughed, and he was just as chagrined at the general laugh on him as a man would have been.

"He backed away from the remnants, opened his mouth to cool it, and hung his head in shame.

"He did not cease weeping for a day, but when he got so that he could look the public square in the face he was a changed horse.

"Anybody can pull his ears or rub his nose with impunity. In fact, the courts caresses where he defied them, and on the approach of a stranger will shut his eyes and mouth as if fearful of another dose."

A STRANGE WANT.

How strange when books are, such a "fountain of delight" that people gratify almost every other want first! How few young people of moderate means in furnishing a house make any reasonable provision for the buying of books. Yet often the difference between ingrain and Brussels carpets, common and cut glass, plain shades and lace curtains, would be sufficient to make a good beginning for a library. And if the books were properly selected, and not of the kind that "cometh up as a flower," they would be as good as new long after the carpets have faded and the dainty goblets gone to the ash-heaps. When people know how to buy books there is nothing of which they can get so much for their money. Almost any family that can afford a piano could by a little self-denial have some good encyclopedia, and what an amount of information and culture may be gained by both parents and children by a habit of constant reference to it! Yet many people who consider themselves cultivated and intelligent, who perhaps wear velvet cloaks and costly jewelry, keep horses and smoke expensive cigars, content themselves with a showy edition of Dickens, half a dozen "blue and gold" poets, and a few miscellaneous books, and call it a library.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

WATCH THE READING FOR CHILDREN.

Parents should give their children the advantages of a good, healthy library, and furnish them with papers that respect the morals. Select the matter for your children. Take time, since the whole future of your son or daughter may lie directly in the literature which you may place before them. The writer knows of cases that came under his own observation which resulted in great harm, and all the result of reading filth. You are interested in the future of your child; take care of the reading matter. There is nothing more injurious to the development of the mind and the formation of character in young people than for them to form the habit of reading corrupt literature. It is in such books that the false side of life is given to the young, and they will get the idea that life is not the great earnest battle which each must fight for himself. It is from what we read that we derive many of our thoughts and ideas, which influence many of our deeds and actions in after life. If our reading is pure, the thoughts obtained will likewise be pure, but if it is degrading in its nature, it will pull us down to a level with itself.

PILAU.—Cut up a chicken as for fricassee. Put it into a kettle with the liver, gizzard, heart, and a slice or two of bacon; cover with boiling water; season with pepper and salt, and leave it to stew slowly till quite tender; then take it from the pot, without the water in which it was stewed, and set where it will keep hot. Wash half a pint of rice and boil it in the broth made from the chicken. There should be one pint of it. If there is not that quantity, add some boiling water; cover close and boil till the rice has absorbed the broth; then uncover and let the rice dry a few minutes. Serve on a platter, with the chicken placed on the rice.

HOUSEHOLD SOAP.—Lye for soap can be made by placing a barrel without a bottom on a grooved board. It should be placed aslant, and a vessel put beneath to hold the lye as it drips from the barrel. Put a little straw in the barrel, and two quarts of lime on it, then fill it with wood

water every three hours, the first, the third, and the fifth days. When the lye is sufficiently strong to float an egg, put it in an iron kettle; when boiling, add to 7½ gallons of lye, 5½ pounds of grease, and boil three minutes, and stir thoroughly every day; if it does not become thick in a few days, add two quarts of cold cistern water.

HOME-MADE HARD SOAP.—Add 4 gallons of strong boiling lye, three pounds of clean grease; boil until very thick, then add one-half pint of salt, and 2½ oz. borax, to every two gallons of soap; boil a little longer. When cold cut in pieces, and put in a dry place.

TOILET SOAP.—Cut very thin and small, 4 pounds of yellow soap into a tin pail, and put the pail in a kettle half-filled with boiling water; when melted, add 1 pound of olive oil, one pound of strained honey, a few drops of bergamot, or the oil of cinnamon.

TO PREVENT CHURNS OVERFLOWING.—Take the body of the churn and cut a groove around the inside of the mouth, about three inches from the top and three-eighths of an inch deep, and then remove half the thickness of the wood, making a shoulder all around; then take the cover and cut it to fit nicely inside, and you have now done away with the necessity of cloths, tubs, pans, &c., heretofore required to save the cream flowing over.

PUZZLES.

A LOGOGRIPH.

A mournful ballad find in me;
Behold, an inflorescence see;
Curtil, and I mean verily;
Behold, and persons quick appear;
Curtil, a pronoun now is here.

REBUS.

P

Y

THIRD LETTER CHANGES.

1. Something in case of fire; 2. Change third letter and you have what we all desire; 3. Change again and you have a beautiful place; 4. Change again and you have an obsolete word, meaning to raise; 5. Again, and something that is unpleasant in roads. All these words commence with H, and contain four letters each.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

In grumble, not in smile.
In roofing, not in tile.
In blockade, not in siege.
In sovereign, not in liege.
In trouble, not in sorrow.
In give, but not in borrow.
In evasion, not in shift.
In keepsake, not in gift.
Two pretty birds are we;
We love our liberty.
Please leave our nests in peace,
Or our merry songs will cease.

SQUARE WORD.

1. To harmonize.
2. To broil.
3. Stern.
4. A select portion of society.
5. Officer in a church.

DECAPITATIONS—BIBLE ANIMALS, &c.

1. Behold a bird and leave pale.
2. Behold an animal and leave something used by artists.
3. Behold one animal and leave another.
4. Behold a species of animals, taken collectively, and leave a beverage.
5. Behold a species of animals, and leave a kind of grain.
6. Behold insects and leave hard water.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF AUGUST 1.

Charade.—Love one another.

How Many Books.—Romans, Job, Colossians, Mark, Kings, Ephesians, Esther, Joel, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Peter, Malachi, N. T., Titus, Obadiah, Lamentations, Habakkuk, James, Galatians, Hosea, Nehemiah, Amos, Judges, Haggai, Hebrews, Daniel, Proverbs, Isaiah, Numbers, Chronicles, Genesis, Corinthians, Philippians, Solomon's Song, Revelation, Exodus, John, Samuel, Psalms, Micah, Matthew, Ezra, Luke, Philemon.

Rebus.—P-over-ty—Poverty.

Charade.—Intemperance.

Six Hidden Words.—Ebro, Tyne, new, able, ow.

A PICTURE THAT MADE A MISSIONARY.

There has seldom been given a better illustration of the influence of pictures than is afforded by a story which accompanies the engraving on this page. The Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Madagascar, said in a recent speech that when he was a boy, only seven years of age, he saw a picture in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, representing the martyrdom of Christians in Madagascar by throwing them from a high rock to the plain below. The picture, with its story, impressed the lad so much that he said to his teacher, "Oh! teacher, if ever I am a man I will go and be a missionary there." Seventeen years after this, when he had finished his studies and was ready for service, he said, "Of course I go to Madagascar, because that story made me a missionary." A late number of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* has reproduced the picture, and we have here a copy of it. It shows how, in the days of persecution in Madagascar, the Christians were suspended by a rope over a precipice, and after hanging there for a while, the rope was cut, letting the victims fall to meet instant death. Many Christians perished in this way, and others were speared or poisoned. Some of the brightest stories of faithfulness, even unto death, are to be found in the history of the converts in Madagascar. The government of this great island, which has an area somewhat greater than that of England, Scotland and Ireland combined, was determined to crush out the new religion and the Queen gave repeated orders that every person found praying or reading the Bible should be put to death. Notwithstanding all this the number of converts increased, and the Queen's only son, named Rakotondrama, then but seventeen years of age, sided with the Christians. The Prime Minister said to the Queen, "Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in this new doctrine. We are lost if your Majesty do not stop the prince in this strange way." But the Queen would not destroy her son. Afterward the Prime Minister addressed the prince, "Young man, your head must fall, for you show that you also are a Christian." "Yes," he replied, "I am a Christian, and if you will, you may put me to death, for I must pray." Although the Prime Minister relented at the time, the persecutions went on until God touched the heart of the present Queen. There is no longer any outward hinderance in Madagascar to those who would follow Christ, and already there are more than a quarter of a million of people who assemble Sabbath by Sabbath in Christian churches.

This picture is interesting as showing how the gospel triumphs

over darkness and cruelty. On the very spot here represented the scene of such bitter hatred to Christians and Christian truth, now stands a church. At a meeting in that church the present Prime Minister, an earnest Christian, is reported as saying:—

"Standing upon this spot years and years ago there were gathered together some officers of the kingdom. My father was there and a little girl was brought before him. My father looked at that little girl, and said, 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' The little girl raised herself, and said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.' My father the second time said, 'Take the child away, she is a fool.' She said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.' She was accordingly hurled



MARTYRS IN MADAGASCAR.

over the rock. It might seem as if that little girl's life availed nothing. She died young, but the witness she gave for Christ was not in vain. If she did nothing more, we can see that the pictured story of that persecution made a missionary of one of the few noble men who are now, under God's blessing, making Madagascar a Christian land. She may have accomplished more by her early death than she could have done by a long life.—*Missionary Herald*.

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

"What in the world are you going to do with that old thing?" said Katy Bland to a playmate whom she met carrying a coarse sieve.

"I'm taking it to Mrs. Weaver," replied the little girl, whose name was Ellen Hartley.

"What does she want with an old sieve?" asked Katy.

"Mother sent me this morning to see how her sick baby was," answered the little girl, "and while I was there, poor Mrs. Weaver said they were out of coal, but that if she had a sieve she could get enough from the ash-heap in her yard to last for two or three weeks. So I'm going to lend her our ash sieve."

"Why doesn't Mr. Weaver buy a load of coal? It's a shame!" said Katy. "He's at work over in the quarry, and gets a dollar and a half for every day's work. I've heard father say so."

"He drinks. That's the reason," replied Ellen, cutting her words short, and speaking with an indignant emphasis.

"What a dreadful thing it is to get drunk!" said Katy, her face growing serious. "I wish there

body. What's the use of those drinking-saloons as they call them? Can anybody tell? I'm sure I don't see. The baker gives us bread to eat, the shoemaker shoes to wear, and all the storekeepers something good or useful for our money; but the saloon-keeper has only a fiery poison, as I once heard Mr. Adams say, for his customers, which they drink to their shame and sorrow. I'm only a little girl, but I can understand all this to be wrong. The people ought to shut up the grog-shops. If the drinking ones won't do it, the sober ones should. I'm sure it would be better, for then the drinking ones would have to keep sober."

"And the boys couldn't get any beer or whisky," said Ellen. "What do you think? Only yesterday I saw Harry Jacobs coming out of Maloy's saloon."

"You did?"

"Yes indeed," answered Ellen. "Oh, that's dreadful, isn't it? He's such a nice boy."

And the two little girls looked sorrowfully at each other.

"If I was only a man," spoke up Katy, after standing silent for a little while, "I'd do something. I tell you I would!"

"What?" asked Ellen.

"I don't know just what I would do, but I'd do something. Just to think of all the men in town letting fifteen or twenty other men, who are too lazy to work, set up grog-shops and beer-saloons just to make people drunk; it isn't right no way you can think of it, and you can't make it right. Don't you suppose the men could stop this if they would? A thousand men are stronger than twenty."

"I'm so sorry for the boys," said Ellen. "Harry Jacobs is such a nice little fellow, and so is Will Lyon. Almost every day I see them coming out of Maloy's saloon. To think of their growing up and becoming drunkards! I feel so sad about it that I can't help crying sometimes;" and tears actually fell over the cheeks of this tender-hearted girl.

"If we were men!" exclaimed Katy, her face flushed with excitement.

"But we are only little girls," answered Ellen, mournfully.

"Maybe little girls could do something if they tried," suggested Katy.

"I'd try for one, hard enough, if I knew just what to do," said Ellen.

For a few moments the two children stood looking into each other's faces.

"It just comes into my mind," said Katy, "what our Sunday-school teacher told us last Sunday. She said that God does good in the world by human agents—that is, by men, and women, and children—and that if we want to do good He will show us the way. And she said, too, that the poorest and weakest little girl, with God

was no liquor, nor any taverns in the land. Why don't people shut them up? They do no good, and ever so much harm."

"That's just what I said to father this morning," returned Ellen.

"Didn't he say they ought to be shut up?"

"No, not just that. I hardly know what he said. Something about letting every one be free to do right or wrong, but I couldn't understand it."

"I can tell you what I do understand," spoke out Katy, a warm flush coming into her face.

"What?" asked her friend.

"Why, that if Mr. Weaver could find no place where they sold liquor, he wouldn't get drunk; and if he didn't spend his money for drink, he could buy coal, and not leave his wife to sift over an old ash-heap for something with which to make a fire. That I can understand as well as any-

and heaven on her side, was stronger than all the hosts of hell. Now, maybe He will show us the way to do something. Oh, if we could only make the fathers see the danger their sons are in, I'm sure they'd have all the saloons shut up. Mr. Jacobs is a lawyer, and makes great speeches; and Mr. Lyons is rich, and can do almost anything he pleases. Then there is Mr. Perkins, our minister. I wonder why he doesn't preach against grog-shops? I guess if he was to see his Judson going into Maloy's, as I have, he'd have something to say. If we could just rouse them up, Ellen, there's no telling what might come of it."

"Two little girls rouse up a whole town!" And Ellen smiled at the thought, but shook her head.

"There's nothing like trying," answered Katy. "You may set a house on fire with a tiny match."

"Ah! but then you have something to burn," replied Ellen.

"And I should think there was something to burn here," said Katy. "Only get our minister, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Lyons, and a dozen or two others, to see that their sons are in danger of becoming drunkards, and a fire will be kindled, I'm thinking, fierce enough to burn up all the saloons in town."

"You don't mean to have them set on fire, do you?" And Ellen's face grew troubled.

"Why, no, of course not that. I was only using what our teacher calls a figure of speech. After you've been to Mrs. Weaver's with the sieve, come to our house, and we'll talk more about this. My mind's all full of it, and I just feel as if we might really do something."

Ellen promised, and the young friends parted. Now, Katy was a bright, enthusiastic little girl, and when she set her mind upon doing anything, it was hard to turn her aside from her purpose.

In all the town there was not just then, perhaps, a single person who felt so deeply its danger from liquor-selling, nor one who desired so ardently to remove the danger, as Katy Bland. The whole magnitude of this evil weighed like a mountain on her heart, and she almost panted with an eager desire for its destruction.

When Ellen called to see Katy, half an hour after they parted in the garden-walk, she found her writing at a table in her own room. She looked up with a bright, earnest face, as Ellen came in, and cried out:

"What do you think I'm doing?"

"I can't guess," said Ellen.

"I'm writing to the editor of the *Banner*."

"You!"

"Yes, I, Katy Bland; or rather, I'm writing for you and me both—for two little girls who can't understand why the people should let fifteen or twenty lazy men keep drinking-saloons, instead of earning their living at some useful work. Let me read you what I have written." And Katy, with a fine flush on her cheeks and a bright sparkle in her eye, read:

"MR. EDITOR,—We are two little girls, and of course don't understand all about everything. Now, there is something going on

keeper is to anybody. But, oh dear! The harm he does, that is dreadful! We don't like to think of it."

"Now, Mr. Editor, as near as we can come to it, there are about twenty saloons and grog-shops in our little town; and twenty men at work, night and day, doing all they can to hurt and destroy."

"If only the men who love liquor went to these saloons, it would be bad enough; but, when we see boys going in and out every day, it does seem so wicked that we are amazed it is allowed to go on, when it could be so easily

speech to a knowledge of their danger."

"Mr. — is very rich. He owns more property than any other man in town. He has only one son, who, when his father dies, will be rich also. But if he grows up to be a drunkard, of what use will all his money be to him! And he is in great danger, Mr. Editor; for he, too, goes in and out of the saloon we spoke about. We've seen it every day, and it makes us feel so sorry."

"Oh! sir, if our minister and those two men would only go to work and stir up the people, all the saloons and grog-shops might be closed in less than a week; and then their own sons and the sons of all the people would be safe."

"Won't you publish our letter, Mr. Editor? We are only two little girls, and can't do anything ourselves, but maybe what we say will stir up the town. It does look modest in us to ask to know more than men, women about this matter, but we can't help that. It is so dreadful a thing to have nice little boys learning to drink, and in danger of becoming drunkards, that we can't help crying out against the saloon-keepers, who do no good to anybody, but very much harm."

"TWO LITTLE GIRLS."

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Katy, as she finished reading.

"I'm afraid," answered Ellen, who was more timid than Katy, "that, if the editor should publish it, the minister, and Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Lyon will be offended."

"No names are given," said Katy. "And there are six or seven ministers in town."

"But Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon will know they are meant by the lawyer who makes speeches and by the richest man among us."

"Well, so much the better," returned Katy, in a resolute tone. "If they know that they are meant, and that their sons are in danger, they will be more likely to do something."

"Maybe the editor won't print it," said Ellen.

"We can only try him. Our part is done when we send him the letter." And Katy folded the paper she had written, and wrote on the envelope, "To the Editor of the *Banner*."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW TESTAMENT has been translated into Hebrew, and no less than 784,000 copies of the Word of God, in whole or in part, have been circulated in Hebrew by the British and Foreign Bible Society alone amongst the Jew-



ELLEN HARTLEY AND KATY BLAND.

in town that puzzles us. It's something very bad, we think, and we write to ask you if there is no way in which this bad thing can be stopped.

"Just round the corner, close by where we live, there is a drinking-saloon. Now, we've talked it over, and over again, but we can't see any good in a drinking-saloon. If you know of any, we wish you would tell us in your paper. The baker and butcher, the shoemaker and tailor, the storekeeper and lawyer, the doctor and the minister, are all useful to us; but we can't think of any use the saloon-

stopped; for, surely, two or three thousand people have the right to say whether twenty of their number shall hurt them or not.

"Our minister never says a word against these saloons; but if he had seen his son, not much older than we are, coming out of one of them, as we have, maybe he would preach about the evil of drunkenness and liquor-selling."

"Mr. —, the lawyer, knows how to talk to the people. Maybe if he had seen his boy going in and out of a saloon daily, as we have, he would gather them together, and rouse them up with a fiery



The Family Circle.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Look at his pretty face for just one minute.
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died!

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride!—
And then—my poor boy died.

See him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
Watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fire-side—
So dark now, since he died.

At yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
And feel him at my side
My little boy that died.
—Good Words.

SET TO MUSIC.

"If I could only be set to music!"
Robie Lynn was alone with her music teacher when she said these words.

Now Robie loved music above anything else that she knew of. She found comfort and company in the yellow keys of the old piano, for there appeared to be some magic, secret understanding between them and her tender fingers. Her mother used to say that it seemed as though she had an oriole shut up in her throat. So this hour when she took her music lesson was the joy of her life. For that hour she was unmindful if the children did come clawing round the keyhole; unmindful if scuffling in the passage proved that they were being borne off, curiosity and all, by force of circumstances over which they had no control. For that hour she was oblivious, though impertinently familiar odors of vegetables that Aunt Lament fancied and Robie abominated mingled freely with the atmosphere of the back parlor by connivance of the aforesaid key-hole. Her teacher took great pains with Robie, and liked to increase all she could the charm which the hour had for her. She knew that Robie did not have many good times. Her father loved "his little lame chicken," as he called her, but his business was one that often took him from home for weeks at a time. The mother was dead, and Aunt Lament—good, capable, busy Aunt Lament—divided herself round, the best way she could, among the babies, who were all younger than Robie, with healthy lungs to scream lustily for what they wanted, stout legs to tug unweariedly round the house after her, and insatiable stomachs to cry always, "More! more!" Besides Robie's lameness she had a delicacy of constitution which debarred her still more from the freedom and fun of most children. There were many days when she felt languid and ill without knowing why, days when she was sadly fretful at the children's noise, could not think what to do with herself, and even sat moping or crying by the hour till

Aunt Lament, having scolded in vain, was at her wit's end.

But a very different girl from this was the Robie who sat erect on the high music-stool, feeling her way through grand chords under Miss Compton's skilful guidance.

Her eyes were shining, her face glowed, and as she caught the thread of the melody, her teacher marvelled at the quick instinct with which she followed it through. Something in its stately stepping appealed peculiarly to her sensitive ear; she felt how the rhythm of the words throbbed perfectly with the rhythm of the air to which they were set. But Miss Compton rose to go, and then, coming painfully back to the realization of the crippled foot and the children at the key-hole, and the intrusive odors of approaching dinner, she cried out impulsively: "Oh, if I could only be set to music!"

Miss Compton's voice had a blithe and hearty ring in it as she answered quickly: "Well, Robie, what's to hinder? When you read of noble lives, don't it make you feel stirred and inspired as if by music?"

Robie blushed.

"Oh! I know, Miss Compton, no sort of a tune could be made out of me. I'm cross, and sick, and not good for anything in particular; and as to being happy—"

Miss Compton looked tenderly at her pale little scholar and said very gently:—

"That is a pity, because it need not be so. You can set your life to music if you will."

Robie opened wondering eyes.

"You can't think what I mean? Well, now, try. The best way to learn how to do anything is to do it. Try to make a little song of every day. Each day brings work for you to take up and duties for you to do. Think of every one of these as one of the notes that together will round into the whole sweet melody. And, dear Robie, you are not making up this tune as you go along—that is the beauty of it—it is the Master himself who has composed it; so you can be sure that there is not one note misplaced, one note too many or too few. For His sake try to get it right; let it be an honor to Him. Be faithful with every part of that which is given you to do, whatever it may be, and put your heart into it as you put it into your music. Thus you will set your life to music and make it a song in the ears of the Lord, as He meant it should be."

"It sounds so pleasant!" Robie said wistfully. "I never should have thought of such a thing. But I don't quite understand how, after all. If you were only here all the time, Miss Compton, to show me how as I go along—the way you do about my music!"

While she spoke they both heard the emphatic insistent ring of the telephone bell, and it suggested a sudden idea to Miss Compton.

"When you get puzzled, Robie," said she, "suppose you ask me about it through the telephone? Perhaps in that way I can explain what I mean to you as you 'go along.'"

Robie clapped her hands. She had few interests; this would be very diverting.

Miss Compton touched the piano keys. She sang, to an impromptu air,

"Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long;
And make of life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

Leaving these words to echo in Robie's memory, she gave her a merry pat on the head and whisked off, for on lesson days she was always hurried.

However, the next day was not a lesson day. Miss Compton sat at her sewing, and smiled because the telephone bell rang so often.

"Miss Compton," Robie's first message was, "Aunt Lament says I spend too much time with my music, and she wants me to study more arithmetic and geography. Is it wrong to like music so much better?"

"No," said the answer that returned to listening Robie, "but the other things are duties, too, and you must not slight any one for another. It will spoil the tune, you know, if you do not give each half, whole and quarter note its due time."

Presently the bell tapped again.

"Then do you think I ought to make a regular plan and set off so much time for music, so much for study, so much for sewing?"

"I think it would be a good thing. It

would be like keeping time and minding the beat."

"But how can you possibly make out," asked the next message, "that darned stockings has anything to do with it?"

"Every note counts, remember. And everything that is done with perfection has a grace about it that makes it deserve to be called harmonious. Yes, even darned stockings! So try to darn them beautifully, dear."

Again the question came:—

"I get dreadfully cross with the children, they are so teasing, and they do quarrel so. Do you think children are much but discords?"

"Try to forget yourself and think of something to amuse the restless little things. You will get interested in their quarrels, even in helping them out of the quarrels. It is selfishness that makes discords. Sing true, my child, sing true."

Later Robie said, "My head has begun to ache, and when Mrs. Apsley came to take me for a drive I couldn't go. I'm so disappointed. You don't think I can make any music out of that, do you?"

"You'll see further on in the tune. I think it is like the flats and sharps in your new Lieders. The flats and sharps are all arranged right to make the whole melody beautiful, though if you separate them from each other the sounds appear discordant. I believe that some day you will own the very sweetest music of all has been drawn from disappointment and trials. Many other people have owned it before you."

"What, Miss Compton, can that come true about my lame foot?"

"I am sure of it; you wait and see. Our troubles bring out the deep chords that we shouldn't know were in us otherwise."

At night it was Miss Compton's turn to ring Robie's bell. "Now that it is bedtime," said she, "tell me Robie, hasn't it been a happier day, and don't you like this well enough to keep on setting yourself to music?"

"It has been better," Robie answered, "and, yes, I like to try. But I have had you to help me to-day, and that has made such a difference. I can't have you always, and then what shall I do? I'm afraid I can't do much all by myself."

Then the reply came quickly back:—

"Ah, dear child! do you suppose, then, if you can speak right into my ears through the telephone, that you can't speak right into the ears of God?"—*Christian Union.*

THE WATCHMAN AND THE STRANGER.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

When the hum of business had ceased, the evening shadows had fallen, and the city lamps were lighted—then began the duties of Captain Earnshaw, a private night-watch. Everyone in the square of which he had charge will remember the stately man of military bearing, who was so vigilant and faithful; no unlocked door, no gas left burning by careless clerk, escaped his eye.

If Earnshaw owned the square, he wouldn't be more careful," was often said.

The captain's heart glowed with pride at the compliments he received—very substantial ones at Christmas from some of the merchants whom he served.

Late one summer evening as he was pacing the square, he heard footsteps approaching. It was seldom that anyone passed through these business streets at night, except an officer or some drunken person mistaken in his way. The captain paused in the shadow. Soon a tall figure passed under a lamp, a little distance off, but the keen eye of the watch had scanned his dress and knew that he was not an officer. He was a stranger, apparently, for he was looking from right to left as if doubtful of his course. When he reached the captain he paused.

"Are you an officer, friend, and will you direct one who was never before in your city?"

The quaint address and deep rich voice were peculiarly winning. He appeared like a clergyman, but his shabby dress and sailor-like bundle puzzled Captain Earnshaw.

"What do you want at this time o' night?" was the gruff response.

"I came on a coasting schooner," returned the stranger, adding with great simplicity, "Do you know Andrew Smith? I go to his house to-night."

Captain Earnshaw would have smiled, but could not before that benign countenance with the flowing patriarchal beard. He told

him respectfully that he did not know Andrew Smith, but if he had the street and number, the stationed police would show him the way.

"Will you permit me to rest a bit on these steps?" asked the old man. "I am too weary to go on."

"Certain," said the watch. "You should have left the schooner earlier, sir; this is no time to enter a strange city."

"I landed before dark," was the reply, "but my Master's business kept me. That is always my first concern."

"I took you to be on your own hook," said the captain. "I should not think he'd expect one of your age to be about wharves after dark. It isn't safe. Desperate characters are there, who come out with the rats and the darkness!"

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil."

The stranger repeated this slowly, with mournful emphasis.

"That's Scriptur', I s'pose," said Captain Earnshaw, who had never before heard a text when on duty, "but it's true."

He thought this a pious reflection, but his strange visitor did not seem satisfied, for he said earnestly:—

"I trust that you believe in the Holy Scriptures, friend; all that is written therein is 'upright, even words of truth.'"

The watchman suddenly thought he had "better be moving on." When he came around again the old man was asleep.

"Why, sir, you'll be robbed and murdered yet!" cried the captain, arousing him.

"My Master cares for me," was the calm reply. "I sleep unharmed among the violent. They care not for my treasures—my Bible and these tracts," lifting his bundle, "but sometimes they listen a moment, so I go among them. On the sea-coast I am well known; they call me Father Gwynn. When they are in trouble I comfort them with God's Word. I preach on land and sea to those who do not go to church. I have no home but there is always a place to lay my head, and that is more than my blessed Master had, for it is written, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.'"

Captain Earnshaw was silent.

"I talked on the wharf to-night with men that had never heard of Christ. Perhaps good seed was sown. In a few days I hope to return to the coast," then suddenly raising his eyes to the motionless guard, he said, "I must ask after your soul's welfare, friend! The Lord led me to you for some wise purpose."

All the unbelief in his listener's heart burst forth.

"So you think it's the Lord's doings! Now, I say, you chanced to cross my beat when I was civil. But we all look at things differently; it'll be the same in the end!"

"My friend, you are greatly mistaken!" returned Father Gwynn. "It makes an eternity's difference whether one has the right belief or not. You are a watchman, I presume?"

This introduced the captain's favorite topic. With visible pride he told how he had guarded the square for twelve years.

"There's millions o' property here, sir, and the buildings are all in my charge. Nothing has happened since I took the position!"

"Have you had no robberies?"

"No, sir!" said the night-watch, with emphasis. "They've had them in other parts of the city, but I keep on the move, and if any suspicious persons appear, I call the police."

"Have there been no fires in all these years?"

"Not here. I'm on the watch, you see!"

The stranger's next question was solemn and searching.

"Have you returned thanks for this long season of prosperity?"

"Why should I?" replied Captain Earnshaw almost angrily. "Haven't I been careful and faithful, never sleeping at my post? Why should I thank the Lord for my own prudence?"

Father Gwynn was silent, but his sad, shocked face subdued the other, for he added kindly:—

"But you and I won't quarrel about this. It is now time to go if we would meet the police."

When they parted Father Gwynn said:—

"We may never meet again, friend. I wish I could convince you that God directs the smallest affairs of life. 'Not by might,

nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts: O my friend, will you not look into this matter?"

"And remember this," he continued, with the majestic severity that the old prophets might have shown, "it is written in God's Word, and He will yet prove it—Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Father Gwynn repeated the passage again, impressively and went away.

"He'd give the Lord the credit of everything!" muttered Captain Earnshaw, "but there'd be queer doings if it wasn't for us watchmen!"

But it was long before he ceased to think of his midnight visitor and the text that rang in his ears like a prophecy.

Some months later, as Captain Earnshaw was on guard, a gust of wind suddenly swept the square. Thinking it might betoken rain, he lifted his eyes to the sky. The blood leaped into his bronzed face; there was a lurid gleam in Warrenton, Power and Co.'s store—fire in his own square! The captain instantly gave the alarm. The firemen were soon on the spot. But the building was so secured by bolts and iron shutters that they could not get inside, and the fire was in the upper story.

"I'll go to Warrenton's for the key," cried Captain Earnshaw, starting on the run.

But he had not gone far before something new occurred to the athletic man—terrible in the present crisis. His step faltered, his feet would scarcely support his trembling frame; like one in a nightmare, no effort of will hastened his progress. He met no one whom he could send ahead; he could only go slowly on, knowing that each moment was an advantage to the fire-fiend. He groined aloud as he thought of the property he had so proudly guarded. He reached Mr. Warrenton's house too exhausted to pull the bell.

The captain says he was insensible about twenty minutes. When he came to himself he heard the clang of firebells, and as distinctly as if he were beside him, the stranger's striking text—

"Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."

He realized then that his midnight visitor was right.

The square was burned that night. It is rebuilt; but Captain Earnshaw does not guard it. The story of that terrible walk was not believed; forgotten were the twelve years of faithfulness under the smart of the calamity; he was dismissed with severe rebuke.

The old watchman bears his bitter punishment patiently, for he has learned to rely upon the Lord whom he once despised. He earns his bread by watching in an obscure store near the scene of his former labors; but every night he visits the old square, hoping to aid if there is trouble, and perhaps regain his reputation. And often as he goes the rounds in the silent night, he repeats—

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Watchman.*

KEEPING HIS TRUST.

"If they were mine, Harry, I would lend them to you willingly, but, as it is, I cannot, and there is an end of it."

It was evidently hard for Ralph to speak these words, though his voice was very firm.

But Harry did not note; his eyes were fixed on the handsome skates on his friend's arm. Full fifteen minutes he had been teasing for them, and he would not give them up.

"You are the most absurd person that ever lived, Ralph Grey," he answered impatiently. "You admit you made no promise not to lend them, and I'd like to know how one boy more than another can hurt a pair of skates!"

"I've told you, Harry, that—"

"Ridiculous, Ralph. Come, be obliging, and let me take them just this one afternoon. Why, Frank would lend them to me, if he was here."

"So he might, Harry, but I cannot."

"Well then, you are the meanest, most selfish person I ever met; there isn't a boy for miles round that won't agree with me. And you needn't try to palm it off on us as principle, either; you've got the best pair of skates in the neighborhood, and you don't mean any other boy shall try 'em. You needn't talk to me, Ralph Grey."

So speaking, Harry turned away hot with

anger, and went rapidly down the road. Ralph stood looking wistfully after him; he was a large boy, but his eyes were full of tears.

"I wish they were mine, and I would give them to him," he murmured; "I would, rather than have him think that of me."

His tears fell on the shining skates; he thought drearily of the pleasure he had felt that morning Frank Lee brought them to him, with the words:

"We are going away south, after all, Ralph, so I will have no use for these. If you like, you can have them till I come back."

That was all he said, but Ralph was a very conscientious boy. "You can have them till I come back." The skates were his for his own use only; he had no further right in them. He could not see it in any other way. Ralph had anticipated trouble, at least with Harry. But surely when he told him, he would understand. Alas! Harry had not understood; he believed him mean, selfish, and yet what else could he do?

His tears fell on the skates. Handsome skates they were truly; of a new patent—what wonderful things Ralph had planned to do with them! Now he was sure he could never use them; never after what Harry had said. He could not. It was grand skating on the pond that afternoon, and Harry, though still angry and disappointed, hastened there as soon as school was out.

What was his surprise to come upon Ralph strapping on his old, worn skates. So the next, and the next: the third day Ralph was to be surprised.

"See here, Ralph Grey," spoke a voice suddenly beside him, "you're not using those skates, and I know the reason why. Now I just want to tell you that I don't think you are mean at all; I've been doing a good lot of thinking since Tuesday, and admiring you more every day. I'm a different boy from you, and it's rather hard for me to say all this; but I tell you I mean it, and if we were men, and I had a million of dollars, I'd trust you with every cent. You'll make just the man for that, Ralph Grey."

So you see Ralph, after all, was not misjudged. And what did he win? Harry's displeasure for a time, truly, but what fully made up for it—his confidence and respect at last. So generally, boys, does the right.

It was a little trust, but Ralph kept it well. And the boy who keeps his trusts will keep nobly, as Harry realized, the greater ones of a man.

Do not mistake boys; do not think Ralph over conscientious, too strict in his ideas of right. You may never be so; especially now, when you are forming habits that shall cling to you through life.—*Rosa Graham in Child's Paper.*

SUE'S CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY KATE SUMNER.

"Five and five is ten, and ten is twenty, and three is twenty-three, and two is twenty-five! Three and two is five, and five is ten, and five is fifteen, and ten is twenty-five."

There was no use. You could not make one cent more of it no matter how you counted it, and Sue gave it up finally with a little sigh. "It's awful to be poor! If I was only rich like Lena Rivers, I would do lots of good," she said, as she put back the money into her purse.

To-morrow was the Sabbath-school picnic, that Sue had been looking forward to ever since the snow went off. Was she not going to have a whole long holiday out of the hot, noisy mill, and going on the boat to the nice cool woods—how she had looked forward to it!

There was one drawback, however, to Sue's happiness. All the rest of the girls in her class were to have new, pretty dresses, and she had nothing but her old white one that she had almost outgrown; and besides it was darned—well, I do not dare to say how many times. The brightness all faded out of Sue's face when she thought of that, but then she could not have another possibly; and perhaps with fresh ribbons it would not look so very bad. So she had been saving up her pennies. Slow, tedious work it was; but at last there was a quarter, enough for two yards and a half. To-morrow was the picnic, and to-night she was going down street to buy the ribbons. She felt so happy that she almost ran on the way home from the mill, until she came to Mrs. Mellen's.

Mrs. Mellen went out working by the day, anywhere she could get work. And Jimmy, her little crippled boy, was sitting in the

door, watching for her to come home. He had been very sick a long time, and was just getting about again. He looked so sad and pitiful, that Sue stopped to speak with him. "Isn't it nice out of doors, Jimmy?" she said.

"I guess it would be if I could get out where there's some green grass and trees; but it's so hot and dusty here."

"I know it," replied Sue, looking up and down the narrow dingy street. "How I wish you could go to our picnic. We are going on the river, and then to the grove. There'll be music, and good things to eat, and swings and I don't know what else."

"I wish I could," said Jimmy with a queer little quiver in his voice, and something very like tears in his eyes—only boys never cry, you know. "But mother couldn't spare the money for my ticket, for I've cost a lot lately."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sue, with an odd little start. "I must be going. Good night."

There were two things that popped into Sue's mind all at once. One was the verse that Miss Benton gave her, only last Sabbath: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward"—and added:

"There's a chance for every one, isn't there, Sue, for the dear Saviour promises to reward even a cup of cold water, and any one can give that much."

The second thought was of her treasured quarter at home—the tickets were just a quarter! The conclusion she arrived at instantly was: Is not this an opportunity for me to give a cup of cold water to Jimmy Mellen? But then there were her ribbons! What would become of them? She really did need them so badly. O dear, what should she do?

There was no more running. Instead, she walked very slowly; and, once home, she went directly to her own room. To be sure, she knew exactly how much she had, and yet perhaps there was a little more. But not a cent more could she make of it, and now the question was, what should she do? Go without her ribbons, and give Jimmy a day's pleasure, or—O dear, how could she give up the ribbons!

Seven—eight—the clock struck. And still Sue sat by the window, her treasure in hand, pondering. A bit of a song floated through her mind:

"I gave myself for thee—
What hast thou given for Me?"

She sprang up quickly. "I won't be so awfully selfish. I will give this little bit," she cried aloud. And then she went flying down stairs, out of the yard, toward Mrs. Mellen's. "O Jimmy," she cried almost, out of breath, "you can go, after all. Here's a quarter for your ticket, and we'll have lots of fun!"

You should have seen Jimmy. He tried to say, "Thank you." But he could not—do his very best. And, boy as he was, he buried his face in the pillows, and sobbed as though his heart would break. "O Sue, I wanted to go so bad—you don't know."

As for Sue's ribbons—well, perhaps you won't believe me, but she never thought of them all day long. They had such a splendid time, you see, and everybody was so good to her and Jimmy.

"It isn't so much what folks have, after all, is it, mother," she said that night, "as it is the way they feel inside? I was so glad I let Jimmy go, that I had every bit as good a time as Lena Rivers, I know, if my dress was old and hers new."—*Intelligencer.*

"A HOLE IN THE WALL."

"Surely there is no text like that in the Bible," I hear some reader say. Turn to your Bible, and at the seventh verse of the eighth of Ezekiel you will find it, and that it forms part of a wonderful story.

Ezekiel was a prophet, one of the number whom the Babylonish king had carried captive to his own land. But at this time all the Jews were not in captivity; some were still at home. And God wanted to show the prophet how sinful they were, and how sadly they were breaking His laws. So he took Ezekiel in vision to his own fatherland, to the dearly-loved, ever-to-be-remembered temple. There in one of the priests' courts he saw chambers, called in the vision chambers of "imagery." Pictures of idols were painted on the walls, perhaps the objects of Egyptian idolatry—the ox, the ape, the crocodile.

But how was it the prophet saw into the chamber? There was "a hole in the wall." "Dig now in that wall," was the command; and having done so, he soon found the door, and opening it, saw a sad sight. The room was not empty. But within he saw seventy old men, "ancients," the chief of the city, each one having his censor, and a thick cloud of incense rising to the ceiling. So you see it was this hole in the wall which led to the discovery of their wicked conduct. They thought no one could see them, saying all the while, "The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth."

How often are the Bible words fulfilled: "Be sure your sin will find you out"! Almost always a something that perhaps you do not think of, like this hole in the wall, leads to the discovery of the sin. Well says another proverb: "It will take a great many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth."

And even when there is nothing to lead to sin's discovery, no hole in the wall to cause its detection, never must we forget that it is all known to God. He did not need even that hole in the wall to reveal to Him all that was going on in that chamber of imagery. "There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves."

A chamber of imagery—have we not, my dear reader, all one? Is not our heart one? Yes; and around that heart-chamber there are pictures bright and beautiful, pure and holy, or dark and gloomy, unholy and sinful, and from that chamber there ariseth incense. Is it to God or to Satan? Oh, how much there is going on there that no one sees! hidden from all but God!—*British Workman.*

AN OLD CHRISTIAN WOMAN, whose servant dropped on the cellar floor a nice, fresh ball of butter on its way to the tea-table said that it required more grace to submit patiently to such a trial as that than to the loss of a child. The latter would at once be traced to Providence, and the hope would spring up that somehow good would come. The former would be traced no farther than to the stupid, careless servant, and no thought would come of an overruling Providence. Yet it is the little trials that crowd over day, and the manner of bearing them, that tell upon character.—*Golden Rule.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor, NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

181. What two persons kept back part of what they had devoted to the cause of God, and lied about it afterward?
182. Who upon one occasion was attacked by a viper, but shook it off and was unharmed?
183. At what place was he at the time?
184. Who was the first Christian martyr?
185. Who took Judas' place among the twelve apostles?
186. Who came to prove Solomon with hard questions?
187. Who, when cruelly put to death, prayed like our Lord for his murderers?
188. What Bible author lived for forty days upon a mountain without eating or drinking?
189. In what land was the tower of Babel erected?
190. Unto which of the seven churches in Asia was it written, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life"?
191. Who was the father of Samson?
192. Whom did Elijah raise from the dead?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

187. Sixty-six.
188. Thirty-nine in the Old and twenty-seven in the New.
189. Four hundred and fifty years.
190. By Miles Coverdale in 1535.
191. Zadok. 1 Kings i. 39.
192. Seth; 912 years. Gen. v. 8.
193. Ench. Gen. v. 21.
194. Jacob.
195. Ephraim and Manasseh. Num. ii. 18, 20.
196. Othniel. Judges iii. 9-11.
197. Abimelech. Judges ix. 53, 54.
198. Eli.

